

BROSIOUS',

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR

ONE PRICE STORE,

Public Square, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO,

(SIGN OF THE GOLD HAND.)

Has been receiving the past ten days immense shipments of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND CARPETS.

Dress Fabrics we have ever offered. All the qualities in Skirting, Dress and Trimming Velvets in colors and black. All the new styles in Dress Gingham.

500 yards good Style Prints, fast Colors, 5 cents.

Large line of Cassimeres, Cloths and Cheviots for Ladies Cloaks, Dolmans and Circulars. French, English, and American Cassimeres for men's suits, which we make up to order at shortest notice.

An unusually large stock of Shawls and Felt Skirts. Big line of Ladies and Gents Underwear. The Cheapest Jeans and Sheetings in the Market. Bleached and Brown Cottons at the lowest figures they ever touched. A White Shirt with run forced front, all linen bosom for 80 cts., and the best shirt made for \$1.00. 20 styles Black Silk Fringes and all the shades in Novelty and Colored Fringes. An endless line of Fine and Cheap Hosiery. The BEST Corsets in the market.

Languedock, Russian, Bretonni, Torchon and Clunee Laces; Black, French and Guipure Laces. An examination of our stock of

OIL CLOTHS AND CARPETS

should be seen by the people before purchasing. BOTH FLOORS of our spacious building are packed with FRESH STAPLE DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, and CARPETS, bought direct from first hands and will be sold correspondingly cheap at ONE PRICE to all buyers.

NO GOODS FROM AUCTION.

Every article clean and bright and warranted as represented.

Sept. 29, 1880,

S. BROSIUS.

The Weekly Register,

Published Every Wednesday Morning, by

GEORGE W. TIPPETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Office up stairs, Store's Block. Entrance on Main St.

Terms of Subscription.

One copy one year, in advance.....\$1 50
One copy five years, in advance..... 5 00
All papers discontinued as soon as time paid for expires, and no subscriptions taken unless paid for in advance.

Advertising Rates.

One square (one inch) one week, \$1 00
Each additional insertion, 50
Fourth of a Column twelve months, 25 00
Half Column twelve months, 50 00
One Column twelve months, 90 00
Cards not exceeding 7 lines, 1 yr., 8 00
Legal advertisements at the rates fixed by law.
Local notices 15 cents per line, first insertion.
All advertisements for a shorter time than three months, considered transient.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, to insure insertion.
Yearly advertisements payable half yearly in advance.
Legal publications must be paid for, in all cases, before the delivery of the certificate of publication.
Personal publications, and those recommending candidates for office, charged regular advertising rates.
Marriage and death notices, published free; but obituaries and tributes of respect, charged at half the usual advertising rates.
Announcements for office, for county, \$5 00; State and District, \$10 00; regular ticket, \$10 00.

ATTORNEYS.

W. R. TOMLINSON, D. W. FULLEY,
TOMLINSON & POINSLEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Point Pleasant, West Virginia, practice in the County of Mason, the United States District Court for West Virginia, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims entrusted to them. Address, Point Pleasant, W. Va. Jan 8, 1879-17.W. R. GUNN,
Attorney at Law, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Practices in the County of Mason, the United States District Court for West Virginia, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office near Court House. Jan 25, 1880-17.RANKIN WILEY, Jr.,
Attorney at Law, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Practices in the County of Mason, the United States District Court for West Virginia, and in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Jan 14-17.CHAS. E. HOGG,
Attorney at Law, office in Court House, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Practices in the County of Mason, Jackson and Boone, in the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia and in the Federal Courts. [Nov. 17-79]JOHN E. TIMMS,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Will practice in the Courts of Mason and Putnam counties, and attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. d. c. 1-79-17.KNIGHT & COUCH,
Attorneys at Law, will practice in the counties of Mason and Putnam. Address E. B. Knight, at Charleston, West Virginia, or James H. Couch, Jr., at Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Mr. Couch is a Notary Public for Mason County. [Jan 8, 1879-17]JOHN W. ENGLISH,
Attorney at Law, will practice in the Courts of Mason, Putnam and Jackson, and in the Court of Appeals of West Virginia. Address Point Pleasant, Mason County, West Virginia. [Jan 8, 1879-17]G. P. SIMPSON, H. R. HOWARD,
SIMPSON & HOWARD,
Attorneys at Law, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Practice in the United States District Court, the Supreme Court of Appeals, and circuit courts of the 7th Judicial District. Office in court house. [Jan 8, 79]JAMES W. HOGG, JAMES B. MENAGER,
HOGG & MENAGER,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, practice in the Circuit and County Courts of Mason county, West Virginia. Address, James W. Hogg, Winfield, Putnam county, West Virginia, or James B. Menager, Point Pleasant, Mason county, West Virginia. Jan 8, 1879-17

PHYSICIANS.

ANDREW B. BARRE, ED. H. FRAYL,
DRS. BARRE & FRAYL,
Northwest cor. 6th and Main Streets, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. Office hours from 9 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m. [Jan 21, 1879-17]DR. L. F. CAMPBELL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the people of Mason county. All calls promptly attended to, whether day or night. Office in new building, next door to Arlington House. Oct. 30 1879-17.W. P. NEALE, M. D.,
OFFICE Main street, between 3d and 4th; residence, Main street, between 6th and 7th. Attends promptly to all calls, whether day or night. When not professionally engaged can always be found at his office. Jan 8, 1879-17.DR. S. G. SHAW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the public. Calls promptly attended to. Office, cor. Main and 3rd streets, opposite the old Presbyterian church. [April 5, 1879-17]

A DARK DAY.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings by her side, a new copy of "The Latest Magazine" on the table close by, while with a bright butterfly hovered about the newly-opened honey-suckle growing against the window. The Spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a dreamy dreaminess; and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling little river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay within doors? Who could refuse to its

quarry down and down stockings—boys, stockings, too, with great holes in the heels of them, which, merely to look at, caused her a despairing sigh. Then the new magazine; how she longed to unfold the crisp sheet, luxuriate in its contents, like the butterfly in the sweets of the honey-suckle. But Hetty's life more resembled that of the bee than the butterfly. Though only eighteen, she was the eldest of seven children, mostly boys; and a goodly portion of the household work fell upon her shoulders. Her mother was a sharp, bustling woman, and though without an idea of being unkind, often made her daughter's life irksome with distasteful tasks and wearisome confinements.

A glad, girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window she saw Susie Lake, one of her few intimate friends, leaning on the little front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is just lovely, and I have something so particular to tell you."

"I'm afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know; and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I'll have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window, and said, in a lower voice and mischievous smile:

"Who do you think I saw just now?"

"I don't know. The new minister?"

"No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat-faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie! But who was it?"

"Now, it was just Mr. Walter Hayes. Now ain't you surprised?"

A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued:

"His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia, to C—, and as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they gave him leave to stop here for a day two; so he told me when I met you just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's station; and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added, laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks, brightened eyes, and a heart thrilling with glad excitement. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of life, around which all sweet, vague thoughts of happiness had clustered. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, on their late return from the church concert, and bidding her good-bye before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered how the warm, lingering clasp of his hand had thrilled her, and how he had said at last, in a voice that almost trembled—

"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall think of you always, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch, and called her in out of the damp air; and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back, and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, warm and flushed from her pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upwards of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, besides the Saturday's 'chores.'"

Hetty penitently resumed her work. But she was very glad when, toward sunset, it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room; and never in her life had she taken such pains with her ap-

pearance as now, while she arrayed herself in what she considered her most becoming toilette, a soft, dove-colored dress, with a knot of a rose-colored ribbon at her throat, and another nestling like a freshly-bloomed rose in the ripples of her brown hair.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door—How tumultuously her heart beat when at length it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in, to discuss some church-matters with her father!—Then she began to look at the clock; and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly round to 8 o'clock. In Riverside a quarter of nine Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also arose, and lighting her bedroom candle went slowly and sadly upstairs.

When, next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table—

"Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone; but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee-pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you had gone upstairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was too late, I thought it hardly worth calling you down again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know, and I didn't know until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind, there's nothing like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Edie's milk-tea, whilst I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the cold corned-beef, "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. He said he had seen them together in Philadelphia. She's handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your food like that; cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks.

"Don't you feel well, child?" I noticed that you were fidgety and nervous last night. Your feverish, I doubt, with the spring weather."

It wasn't much like spring to-day. One of the sudden changes peculiar to the fickle month of April had taken place, and a cold breeze and leaden clouds replaced the balmy airs and sunny skies of yesterday. It began to drizzle, too, as the family arose from the breakfast table; and a bleak and cheerless prospect was presented without.

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room; but she drew the bedclothes over her head, and wished that she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet foolish dreams of love seemed to have been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had not been pros against a year's absence. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow, and almost wished she could die.

It was the darkest day she had ever known. She tried to read her Bible, but could not fix her thoughts on it, and closed it in despair. She listened to the dismal beat of the slow falling rain, and at times watched the swaying of the half-budding tree branches in the chill wind. The cherry tree before her window had been yesterday whitening into blossom. Surely the cold wind would kill the tender buds, and there would be no fruit. How like her own hopes and happiness!

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying up stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church—for it had ceased raining now—and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church. "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt. Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands

with me and asked how the family was. She's a real swell, a regular roarer, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some, she'll out you out."

"William, don't let me hear any more such slang talk from you, I beg," said his mother reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister Annie, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes tell Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at

lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and poor Hetty went again to her lonely room, and wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at the window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes, and a hat was lifted; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart, as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance—with so much of manliness and dignity. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn-looking, with her hair all disordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him, and find him changed. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs, though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched as she had done before; and Walter never came, and she knew now that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a little jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant though cool, and wrapping herself in a warm shawl of her mother's and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty sat off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking; and it was late when the girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway under the drooping beeches, Hetty paused at the stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant here. The sun shed a golden light over the beech boughs, and a breath of spring-time woodland fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed, as she stood resting on the stile, and looking dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming up the pathway, and another glance showed her that it was Walter Hayes. Her heart gave a great throb and then seemed to stand still.

He came on straight toward her—his hand extended, his lips smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty—I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone, or the look of the brown eyes; and she answered simply and naively.

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?"

She could not have told how it happened; but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close, ah! very close to his; whilst all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together, he told her what one thing and another had prevented his seeing her; among the rest, Bill, having confidentially informed him, in answer to his inquiries, that she was "too sick to come down stairs that day"—a statement which he unfortunately credited, and when this morn-

ing he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he had lost no time in following.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell?"

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hetty, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and good prospects, and to ask you, darling, if when—"

And then the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken; and Hetty wondered as she

could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day yesterday.

A "Friend's" House.

Here is a story of one of the oldest houses on Conanicut Island, the rural sister of Newport, where the people of quiet, simple tastes go to be in the country and escape the fashion of a watering place. The house referred to is situated on a fine farm which belongs, and always has belonged, to Quakers. Indeed, the will of the late owner provides that it shall never go out of the possession of persons of that faith, that it shall never be leased to any but a 'Friend,' and that a room shall always be set apart for the accommodation of any traveling 'Friend,' who may bring a letter of recommendation from a member of the Society. In the Revolutionary days, this house was inhabited by a widow farmeress (to coin a word) and her two small sons. One evening a band of soldiers, who had set fire to several houses and barns on the island, rushed, torch in hand, upon this dwelling, startling the family at the tea table. The placid, sweet face of the Quaker mother, with her two frightened boys clinging to her skirts, appeared at the door just as the men were about to burst it open. They paused for an instant in their work of destruction, when, in a voice of perfect calm, the heroic woman said: "Friends, will thou not come in and sup?" The soft words turned away their wrath and completely conquered these rude soldiers, who followed their gentle hostess to her hospitable board, where she made them welcome. After a hearty meal they rose, shook hands kindly, and promised that for her sake and that of her children their dwelling should be sacred; and that the old house still stands in the midst of its veteran trees, proves that they kept their promise faithfully.

Some English Ladies.

Country ladies in English homes, do not stop at carrying out the tradition of their great-grandmothers in ordering well their own households. They take a great and growing interest in the economic questions of modern times relating to sanitary reforms and improvements. They study the doctrine of political economy which may teach them how to raise the condition of their tenants, yet avoid any risk of pauperizing. They plan cottages which shall permit of decent living and yet bring in a fair, or approximately fair, return on outlay. They organize clubs, reading-rooms, and penny readings, and encourage the women to come along with their husbands and sons, on the principle that even they may have something they are pleased to call their minds. They get the lads and lasses to come of an evening to the "big house" and enjoy the benefit if it be nothing more, of the society for an hour of an educated, well-mannered woman. They have been known to build music halls in the grounds, erect an organ and give the people periodical concerts. With all this there is no sacrifice of the more highly placed social pleasures and duties. Nothing of all the interest we have enumerated, or others more extended, interferes with the dinners to the neighbors on moonlight nights, or the entertaining of a house party of friends from town.

When an eastern man goes to Colorado he is called a "tender-foot" until he has been shot at, stabbed, engaged in a free-fight, fallen down a mine, kicked by a mule, and chased by a vigilance committee. Then it is admitted that he is getting used to the country, and when he kills his man he is looked upon as a citizen.

"What did you get?" asked a wife of her husband on his return from a hunting excursion of several days' duration. "I got back!" he sentimentally replied.